



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Nyan-pocalypse



👁 106 ✓ 1 ★ 6

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

"HOLY SH!T!!!" Johnny yelled from the roof. Explosions sounded from all around us. "Flying F*cking Kittens!"

The FFKs bombarded us, explosions sounded around every street block. The military had been decimated, being targeted by the invading kittens first. Then communications. The TV showed nothing but static now.

"We gotta run, Johnny!" I yelled up the stairs. Any second now, a cat could crash into our house. We didn't buy a nuclear bunker as our house. In all fairness, we haven't even renovated yet.

I slung my backpack over my shoulder as I made my way out the door. The incessant nyan-nyan-nyan chanted in the background this entire time.

A shiver ran down my spine. I looked behind me at the house when a peculiar whistling sound erupted from nowhere. It got louder and louder, until something slammed into the roof of the house. It instantly collapsed onto itself as the house was destroyed.

Oh no...I thought. Johnny.

Chapter 2 by ↔ Raven Beechwood ↔



"*Johnny!*" I screeched into the dust. I ran into the street to get away from the debris. "*Johnny, you better get out here, or I swear I'll -*"

A figure rose from the dust, coughing. "How on earth did you survive that, Johnny, get out here!!" I scream. There wasn't an... See more of Story Wars... I was crumbling because of literally the stupidest reason.

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Flying cats with desserts glued to their sides and shooting rainbows.

We never even had time to prepare. How do you even prepare for this?

Johnny stumbled out into the street, holding his arm. "C'mon!" I yell as he draws closer. I hoist him up and sling him over my shoulder. He coughs miserably.

"If you see an abandoned car, tell me," I say to Johnny and he nods his head feebly. I run into the intersection, not worried about any cars. "There!" I shout aloud and sprint as fast as I can another block to a dusty Volvo at the end of the street.

I thumb the metal decals. "2023 XC30," I groan. "It'll have to do."

I yank open the passenger door and sling Johnny inside. I race around and hop in the driver's side. Johnny has his head against the headrest, already red with his blood.

"Let's go!" I yell, pounding on the dashboard, and the rusty thing roars to life, the engine sputtering.

I pound the pedal and it speeds out of its parking spot, racing down the road. Nyan cats rain around us like meteors, only a grotesque shade of pink and suffocatingly excited about our demise. The road is barely intact, and multiple times I have to turn down a side street or turn around entirely to avoid the massive cracks and holes. I'm pushing 80 down a residential avenue and I've only driven a couple times before. The tires screech and my hands grip the steering wheel.

"F-cking cats. F-cking, f-cking cats," I curse as we race down the street. I don't know who's alive and who's dead. Everyone is probably the latter. The city looks like it was struck by a zombie epidemic, except there are flakes of pink floating from the sky and that aggravating chanting fills the air. The clouds are nearly black, a stark contrast to the cheery colors of those demon cats as they shoot down randomly from the sky, trailing rainbows that used to be the sign of innocence and childhood. Now it means death and eradication.

A huge hole in the middle of the street blocks me from going any farther. "F---ccccck!!!" I yell as I slam the car to a stop. Inertia thrusts me forward and a strap across my chest takes my breath away and Johnny hits the headboard. "Man, what did they tell you about seatbelts?" I grumble.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

My foot is still pressed hard on the brake pedal. Johnny starts to fumble with his seat. I glance out of the front windshield.

"Don't. Move." I whisper. Johnny looks up.

There is a blackened abyss straight down.

I look out the driver's window. The world is on a tilt, and we are leaning into a pit. The car creaks, and I see rocks tumble down from the side of the road.

I think I'm going to have a heart attack. Johnny is still staring straight into the abyss.

"Roll down your window," I whisper. I can barely hear myself over the muffled "nyan-nyan-nyan" in the background. I press down on the button, and the windows slide past squeakily.

Immediately the chanting gets louder, and Johnny flinches. The car moans, dislodging itself from its position.

"*ROLL DOWN FASTER!!!*" I bellow, and hurl myself out of the gap.

I land on the very edge of the pit. The road crumbles underneath me, and I can feel myself slipping downward. "Sh-t!" I yell, and grip onto the sturdier rock pieces. I crawl up until I am laying on my back on the stable road.

The car tips precariously over the edge. I can see the owner's belongings fall forward, creaking a spiderweb of cracks in the windshield. I scramble to my feet and race to the other side of the car.

Johnny is pounding on the window, screaming. His window won't roll down. I start clawing at the window, the door handle, anything I can grab.

The car creaks one more time and begins its fatal slide towards the hole. Johnny's face slips away, and I'm only left with a shard of the mirror I was holding on to.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account